

The Wise Men

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Summary: Three men, all involved with teh Black Mesa incident, all whisked away by the GMan, and all three share the same fate...But is the man in the blue suit trying to help them...Or stop them?

## 1. Painful Entry

### Chapter 1: Painful entry

"Good morning, Corporeal Shepard. It's been quite a while. It seems you have caused more damage than my employers expected. It seems, though, I have taken a liking to you and was able to convince them to reconsider keeping you here for you to rot. I'm sorry to keep you waiting. Your mission isn't complete. Your country needs you. Time to answer the call."

Adrian found himself running down a steep cliff. He landed squarely on a road, lucky enough that he didn't break his legs. He looked around and couldn't figure out where he was. This didn't look like anywhere in the States. Then again, he didn't travel much of the country. He realized he still had his PCV on. To his amazement it was at a hundred percent. After duking it out with that alien he thought his vest was scrap.

Then he heard a slight roar coming from behind. He turned and saw a buggy headed right for him. It hit him at full speed, sending him flying in the air and made a hard landing.

He woke up an hour later. There was a giant bug hardly three feet away from him. He opened his mouth to scream when it was shot away. He felt himself being picked up and dragged away. He went out cold again.

"Who is he?"

"He's Adrian Shepard, twenty-five years old. He was a Corporal of the U.S. Marines. He was in the Black Mesa incident, a major player in

it, too. If it weren't for him, Dr. Breen wouldn't have escaped. We owe this man a lot."

"Ha-ha! The Commander will want to meet him, that's for sure!"

Adrian passed out again.

"Dude, for an uber marine, he sure faints a lot."

"He was hit a damn buggy! If you were hit it would've killed you!"

Adrian sat up, removed his helm and rubbed his eyes. He replaced the helmet back onto his head and looked around. There were six men in the vehicle plus the two drivers. All of them wore funny looking uniforms.

"Who are you?"

"To you I'm Lance Corporeal Hans Awn Focker. I was in the Marines with you. We once sat together after a brutal day of training at Boot Camp," the shortest man said, "But now I'm a Combine Elite and I plan to make you one, too."

"Combine? I heard you guys mention Dr. Breen and how I helped him escape. I don't remember a Dr. Breen at Black Mesa," Adrian replied.

"You two didn't actually meet. You cleared a path for the good doctor to escape. You did more damage than Gordon Freeman," Hans replied. One of the other soldiers laughed.

"Then Gordon did a bunch of damage to you!"

"What are you talking about?" Adrian asked.

"Gordon Freeman was driving the buggy that hit you. We've been assigned to tracking and stopping him, whether it means killing him or capturing him," Hans explained, "And after thisâ€¦Incidentâ€¦We're confident we can capture him before he reaches the Citadel."

"Hans, you are so paranoid. Gordon won't get anywhere close to the Citadel."

"Says you! He took on more aliens and Marines than Barney and Shepard combined, no offense Adrian."

"None taken."

"Anyways, the Commander will be real happy to know we got you, Adrian. You'll make an excellent addition to the Combine Elite. We'll get Freeman for all he's done to the Combine!"

"Okay, first of all, shut up. Right now there's no 'we'. I want to go back to base and find out what the hell is going on. Second of all, who the hell's the Combine?"

"Want the long or the sho-"

"I want a damn answer now before I kick your ass."

"After you destroyed half of Black Mesa and then it was nuked, those aliens-The Combine-attacked the rest of Earth. After seven hours of fighting, Dr. Breen was put in charge of Earth. He was the head guy or something at Black Mesa. Now the Combine rules Earth and most everyone's happy. Then Gordon Freeman shows up at a train station and starts killing people. We tried to contact and reason with him, but all in vain. He's intent of stopping the Combine from oppressing the people of Earth."

"That makes me want to jump out right now before you give me a job application."

"I'm not too impressed with Breen's methods, either. We're soldiers. I've arranged it so we are for hunt, capture, and kill only. We're not going to torture or kill innocent people."

"You lost me."

"Hey, David, are we out of range yet?"

"Yeah, it should be safe to tell him."

"We're not actually Combine Elite. We're mercenaries that Dr. Breen hired

personally. The rest of the Combine doesn't know, however. They think we're the best of the best of them. We plan on capturing Gordon Freeman, but some guy in a blue suit hired us to simply prevent casualties."

"He hired you?"

"Yeah he did, why?"

"I was whisked away by a man in a blue suit. That's why I disappeared."

"It seems he wanted us to really do our job then!"

"Indeed. Too bad for you I'm against oppression and dictatorships. I'm not signing up."

"I'm sorry you feel that way."

The next thing Adrian knew, he was getting whacked in the back of the head with an electric baton.

## 2. Even a diamond can be broken

Author's note: Stephan Herald was not in any of the Half Life games. He is a fictional character based off of the assassins in Half-Life: Opposing Force. The pun in the name is intentional.

### Chapter Two: Even a diamond can be broken

Stephan Herald was always picked on the redundancy in his name. He never liked moving schools because of it, but he never let that stop

him. He joined the Gymnastics team at an early age. His uncle taught him how to shoot by age six. By the time he was seventeen he was one of the best shots in the United States and had won the Silver and the Gold at the Olympics. Then he got a job with the Government and he was never heard from again.

But many of the Marines that were at the Black Mesa incident knew his name all too well. Some knew him personally. Some only knew the bullets that blew their brains over the walls behind them.

Stephan watched the helicopter's wheels land on the Helipad. He jumped out quickly with his 9mm pistol in hand. He and his teammates were so skilled they couldn't even see each other hiding in the shadows. They used their ropes to propel down into the Black Mesa Research Facility. They silently walked around, searching the room for Marines or scientists unlucky enough to have seen too much. But as they went on, they were unlucky enough to encounter Adrian Shepard. The five BlackOps, two females and three men, surrounded the Marine, but Shepard was too powerful and too smart to fall for their tricks. Stephan got two shots onto him, but the PCV protected the soldier. Adrian gunned down Kevin and Sherry. Rodger crept up behind Adrian with his knife in hand, but Adrian pulled out a monkey wrench and bashed his skull in. Three of their teammates were killed by one soldier. This was not good. Marsha, his last teammate approached him after they fled.

"Who was that man? He was one of the best fighters I've ever seen!"

"That was Corporeal Adrian Shepard, Special Operations unit. He was separated from his team. He wasn't informed of his orders, so he just went around shooting aliens left and right. He's trying to escape the labs and save as many lives as possible. He's our primary target. Our Secondary target is Gordon Freeman, a scientist with a HazMat suit on who's been killing Marines and aliens. He even took out Darla's team."

"Oh no! Darla? He'll pay!"

"Marsha, we're here to kill Shepard, not just Freeman. We'll figure a way to kill Shepard first then track down Gordon, all right?"

"She was my sister!"

"That's why you're not in the same task force, Marsha. Let's find a radio one of those stupid Grunts left behind, alright?"

"Okay, alright. Let's go. He took on all of us and killed three of our teammates! He's can't be human!"

"He's just a damn good soldier. Makes me not want to kill him."

"That was a sentence fragment, you know that?"

"Shut up you grammar Nazi."

Marsha giggled. Stephan was stunned by Adrian's performance. Stephan was the only one who was able to get a shot on him. It all happened so fast. Kevin and Sherry had just drawn their weapons and had taken aim

when he killed them with two well-placed shots to the head. Rodger was small and very quiet. It stunned him when Adrian heard him and crushed his skull with a household tool. So quick, so accurate. So deadly. Stephan liked Adrian more and more.

Their luck was starting to change. There was a large but easily defended room that the Marines had fortified with portable but reliable Auto turrets that didn't shoot at any US military signatures. Marsha went in first and slit the first man's throat. Another Marine came in sipping MRE coffee. Stephan put a bullet into his head. Two more Marines came in with their guns ready. Stephan was ready to shoot one, but these guys were faster. They opened fire. Stephan closed his eyes. He stood there for a few seconds and opened his eyes again. There was a foul-smelling stench from behind. He turned and saw a dead half-man half-thing dead on the ground. It had a white crablike creature attached to its head.

"Headhumper zombie. Little zits latch onto you and don't let go until you take a crowbar to it and kill the damn thing. Shepard knows that all too well," one of the Marines said.

"Adrian Shepard was here?"

"Yeah. Saved our asses on fourteen accounts. I saved his once, so we owe him thirteen. By the looks of you two we won't get to twelve. How unlucky for us."

Stephan looked at Marsha. Was killing Shepard worth it?

"Do you have a radio?"

"Yeah."

"Show me."

Stephan followed the big black man to a large, clunky black radio. Stephan changed the frequency and signaled the Marines to be absolutely silent.

"This is Stephan Herald to Mission Control. Come in, Mission Control."

"This is Mission Control, Stephan. What is your status?"

"I've lost most of my team. It's just me and Marsha now."

"Marsha and \_I\_!" she shouted.

"Shush!"

"And Shepard?"

Stephan hesitated. If Adrian arose again, he was as good as dead. He just hoped he didn't make too much of a scene.

"Dead. I was able to nail a headshot at the last minute. Primary objective complete. Secondary objective may prove difficult."

"That's what you were sent there for, Herald. Find Gordon and kill

him. He's been elevated to a top priority target."

"Roger. Herald Over and out."

Stephan changed the frequency back.

"You did a good thing there, sir. We're here to capture or kill Gordon Freeman, too, sir. We'll help you in any way we can."

"Just don't get in my way."

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"Stephan, Stephan. You've done many things you shouldn't have. But my employers are ready to forgive you for your disregard for orders. We have a new plan for you. The world's changed because of you. Changed very much indeed."

Those are the last things Stephan really ever cared about in the Black Mesa incident. He used to be hard and cold, only showing kindness to his team, and he was rough on them. Now his heart was so soft he couldn't shoot a Headcrab zombie if it had just eaten his entire team. He shook his head and realized that he was on an airplane.

"We will be arriving in City Seventeen in three minutes. Please fasten your seatbelts and turn off any and all electronic equipment."

Stephan did as he was instructed and got more comfortable in his seat, despite the fact he would be getting up soon. Something big was in store for him. Something huge. And he had a feeling not killing Adrian Shepard and failing to catch Gordon was going to be the reason.

Author's note: I may or may not continue the story of Stephan Herald in a seperate story. I haven't decided. If you like my idea of BlackOps workjng with AMrines at Black Mesa, please say so in your reviews.

End  
file.